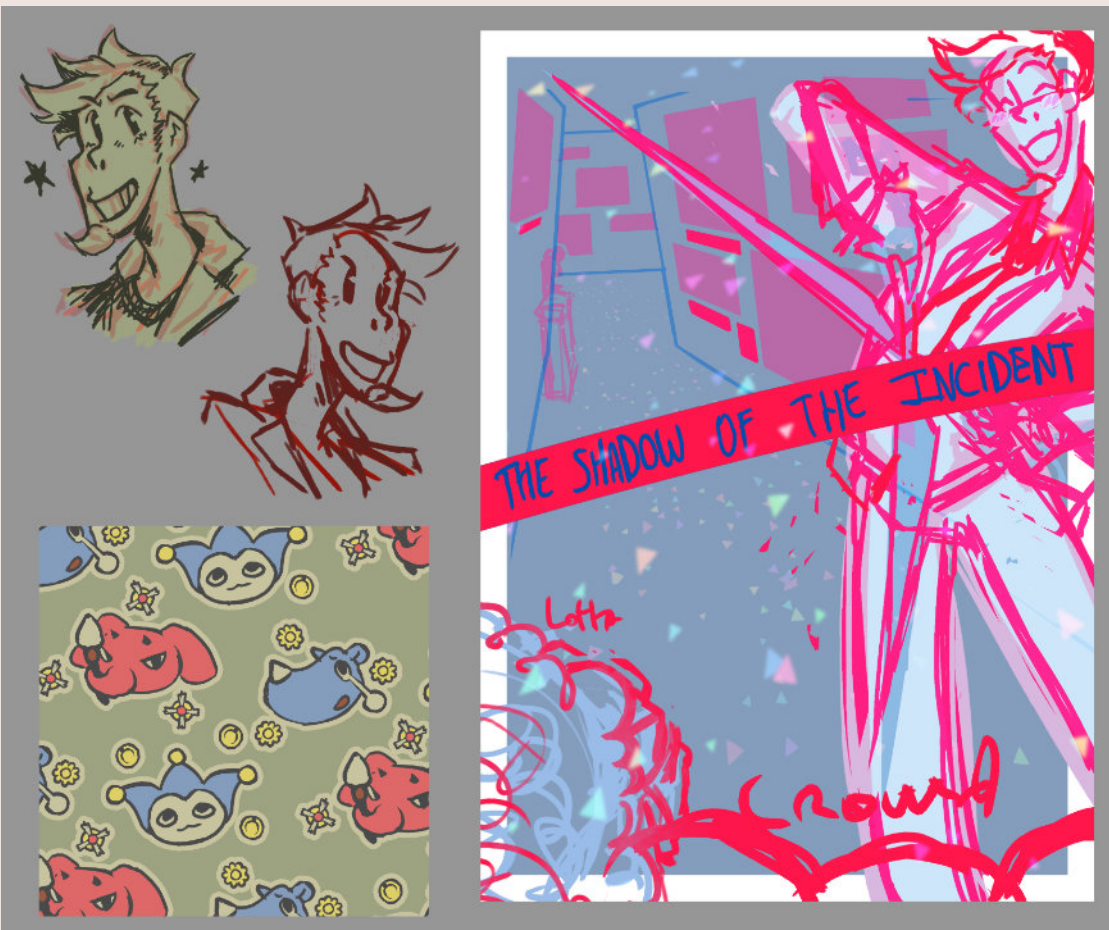


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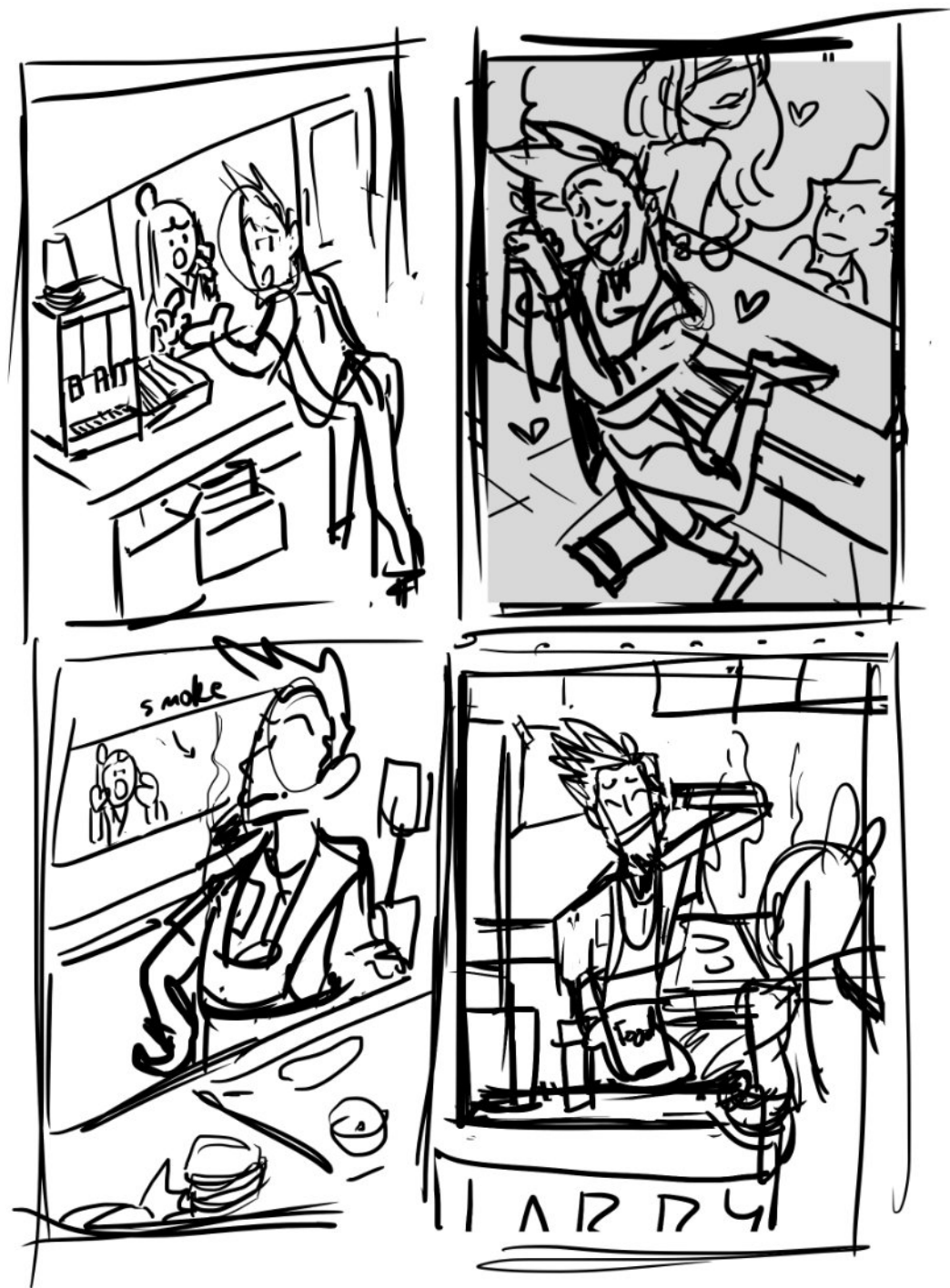
Behind the Scenes Bonus PDF



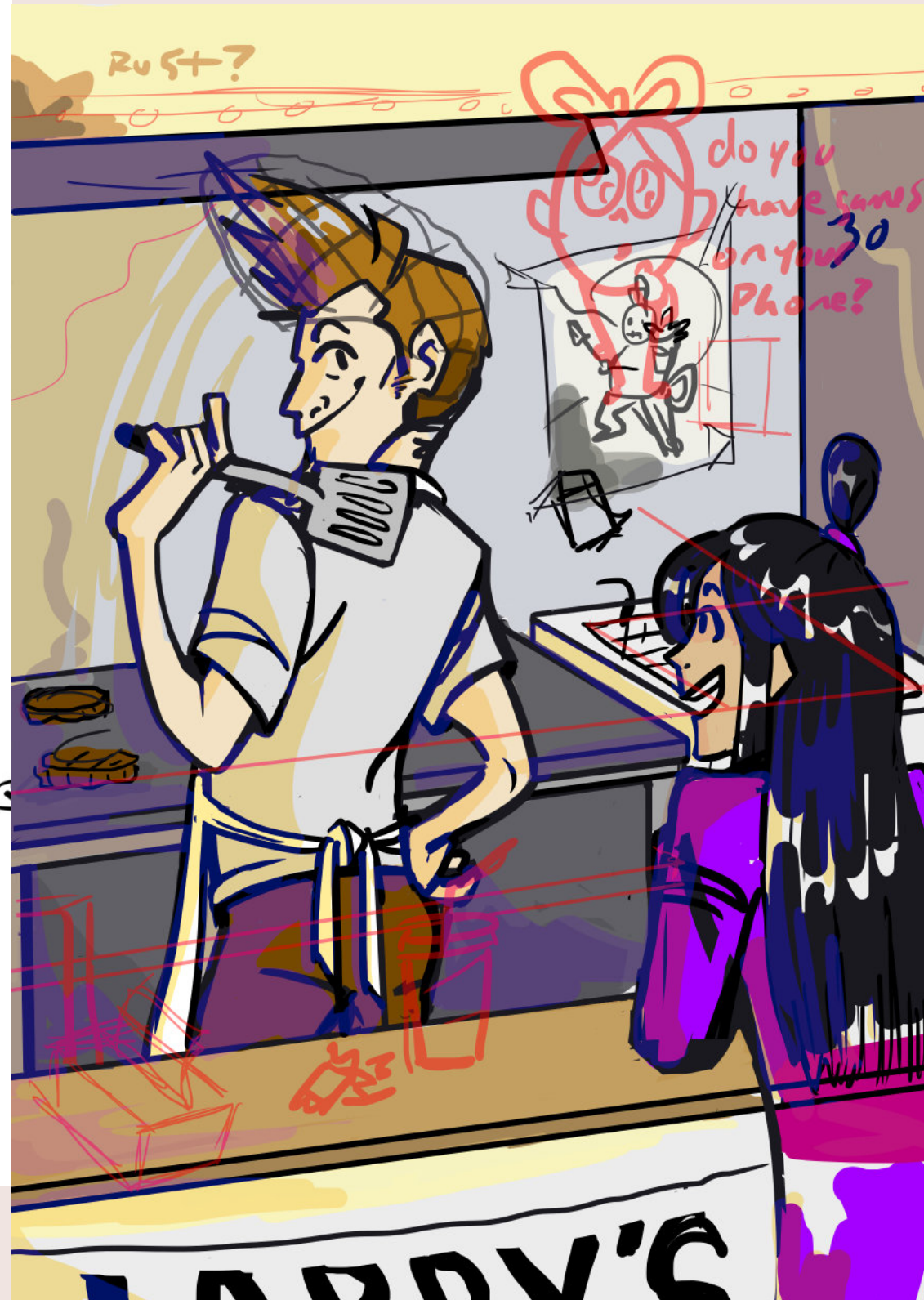
Cover concepts/prep by Ghoszt

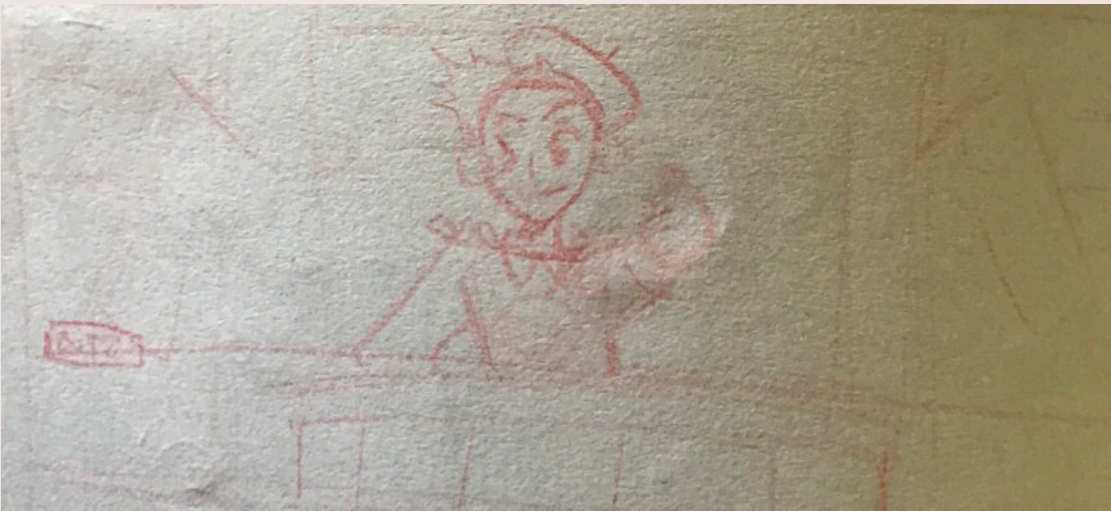


Sketches by aprilfeys



Thumbnails and scrapped sketch by Sal





Scrapped pose and final sketch
by appletalkin4869



Mayo and Mustard Cut Scene

by Elliot Sonder

Author's Note: This short excerpt involves our dear Maya doing what she does best and stealing Larry's jacket from him while they are bowling together. Unfortunately, it needed to be cut for word count. Please enjoy this sweet moment of friendship between them, as well as one of my other favourite headcanons about Maya! – Elliot Sonder

Larry hadn't missed the way she'd been subtly stuffing a few of the five dollar bills back into the pocket of his suit jacket; he'd taken it off earlier, and was still too hot, but it was fun to pretend he was going to put it back on and see Maya panic that he might find out that she actually thought of him as a good friend after all.

Teasingly, he went to put on his jacket again, exaggerating every movement, and pitching his voice up into a joking falsetto, "You know, it's kind of cold in here, maybe I'll put my jacket on?"

"You're so right!" Maya shouted back, oozy with pretend ditzyness. Sliding on her bowling shoes, she speedily grabbed his jacket and jammed her own tiny frame into it, giggling like mad.

Larry smiled lopsided, it was a relief to see her like this compared to earlier.

The jacket fit over Maya's borrowed pullover poorly, bulging in the arms and too big in the waist, not even fitting where the fabric nipped in at his hips when he wore it. She looked down at it, up at him, and he followed her gaze back down to the jacket, the two of them repeating the movement a few times until deep laughter erupted slowly from Maya's chest, gaining a wonderful fullness, until they were near breathless. Once he was sure it was real laughter (not at him for once too!) he allowed himself to breakdown with her, adding his deep throaty laugh-snorts to the mix.

Twirling in the too large jacket, Maya laughed until her stomach hurt. As the mirth faded quickly as it came, she dug her hands in the pockets, feeling the scrunch of money she had put back in both of them, toes curling at the texture.

As she rolled on her feet, shifting her weight forward and back, Larry watched her face turn soft and sad, eyes lost somewhere in the blurry back of the bowling alley, looking at everything and nothing.